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Barney, Mrs. J. K.

"I am the Good Shepherd." (John X-II)

"NOT WILLING THAT ANY SHOULD PERISH." 1908



**"My sheep that was lost."**

*The Son of Man is come to seek and to save  
that which was lost. Jesus.*

"But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed;  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord  
passed through  
Ere He found his sheep that was lost.  
Out in the desert He heard its cry—  
Sick and helpless, and ready to die."

"But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,  
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"  
And the angels echoed around the throne,

"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own, there

*"I say unto you, there is joy in the presence  
of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."*

—Jesus.

# “Lost but Found.”

## A Message from the Prison Evangelist

*Mrs. J. K. Barney*

Were we to select amid the Bible Symbols, one of more frequent recurrence and interest than the rest, it would be the constant and ever-varying representations given us of *The Shepherd and the Sheep*. Something concerning the sheep is mentioned about five hundred times in the Bible, and when the sacred writers sought amid finite things the noblest emblem of the Infinite it is this—“*The Lord is My Shepherd.*” In three of His Parables, besides other incidental references, Christ Himself has thrown an imperishable interest around the subject. In the first centuries succeeding the Apostolic age, when faith was simplest, this Image continued the dominant one for the trembling yet rejoicing flock of Christ. It was embodied in their hymns, engraved on their Communion Chalices, and above all inscribed by words and figures upon the tombs of their dead. I shall never forget the impressions received when I was privileged to wander for hours within the Catacombs at Rome, where in ever-varied and varying attitudes one sees the Divine Shepherd. Surely this is the truest image of the World's Savior; of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost,” whose gracious mission is to manifest and dispense healing for the wounded, strength to the faint, tenderness to the weak, and rest to the weary.



The picture on the front page is the one I have carried on my prison paper for many years, and the purpose to put it there came like an inspiration, when my heart was yearning over a pitifully lost one, who seemed quite beyond human reach. I sent that letter with few words, then waited and prayed.

I came in touch with the Good Shepherd in those days as never before, how many times I claimed the promise, "For thus saith the Lord God ; behold I, even I, will both search my sheep and seek them out." (Ezek. 34-11.) Sometimes faith lapsed and "lost, LOST, LOST," rang in desperate changes, but was finally banished when the thought seemed flashed before me,—"yes lost, but He who has promised to search for the lost is the Almighty Shepherd Himself, and from His own lips came the words, 'He goeth after that which was lost, *until He find it,*' "UNTIL!" Oh! the pathos of that word, "UNTIL," Its very indefiniteness as to time and toil are expressive. It may be days, weeks, months, years of unwearied pursuit after the wanderer. It may describe a sad history of scornful rejection, stubborn waywardness, persistent ingratitude. The parable shows the Oriental Shepherd climbing over jagged precipices, toiling in the burning sun over unsheltered wilds, or braving the perils of pathless forests ; the wayward sheep rushing on, plunging deeper and deeper into destruction, and lengthening the weary distance he has to carry it back to the fold. "*Until he find it.*" Oh! if these journeys of Shepherd-love could be told! The prophet Isaiah touched all humanity, past, present and future in his cry, "All we like sheep

have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way." (Is. 53-6.) What a graphic picture! Let us make it a little more personal by quoting the Psalmist's words, "*I have gone astray like a lost sheep.*" (Ps. 119 176.)

### **"Lost but Found."**

A man was lying upon a narrow hospital bed, his feet had been down to death's door, and in his delirium he had raved of his wanderings, told pitifully of the snares and traps set for the unwary, had made frenzied cries, "I am lost, lost, I can never get home again." During these anxious, watchful days his nurse came to know most of his life-story. She had spoken something of this to a quiet woman, wearing a tiny badge of white ribbon, who frequently came among the sick with fruit and flowers. As she listened, she laid her hand upon the fevered brow and said, "poor boy, poor lost sheep, the Good Shepherd knows about you I am sure."

"Far out in the desert he heard its cry—  
Sick and helpless and ready to die."

Her words seemed half a prayer and the nurse felt wonderfully cheered. In a few days the white-ribboned woman came back, this time with a picture, which she was allowed to hang at the foot of the bed. When the poor fellow roused again there were some flowers in his weak hands, and on his pillow a sprig of common sweet lavender. His eyes fell upon the picture and his fingers closed over the flowers, as he turned his head till his lips touched the fragrant leaves; a strange sad smile flickered over the wan face, as he whispered, "Mother has been here," and tears



rained down the sunken cheeks. The nurse beckoned to the visitor, who stepping back, dropped quietly on her knees and repeated softly,

"I was a wandering sheep.  
I did not love the fold ;  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled ;  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home,  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.

"The Shepherd sought his sheep,  
The Father sought his child ;  
They followed me o'er vale and hill.  
O'er deserts waste and wild ;  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished, and faint, and lone ;  
They bound me with the bands of love,  
They saved the wandering one."

Then came a few words of prayer and the worker went on her way. The man slept and a peace came into his face, twice he called, "Mother, Mother!" In the twilight when the nurse was ministering to his needs, he murmured pitifully, "I wish I was the fellow that was found, Mother could'nt get to me, and no one else would care." The nurse herself had wandered from the fold and been unmindful of the Shepherd's love and care, just thoughtlessness and worldliness, so helpful words did not come easy but she pointed to the picture saying, "He must care, for He said, 'The good Shepherd *giveth his life for the sheep.*'" As she spoke old memories came thronging back, and she said very tenderly, "I think he is looking for *us* to-night, suppose we call to Him, there is something in the Bible about His hearing from the ends of the earth." The doctor came and there was no more talk until later, when the

nurse said, "I have looked up something for a comfort-powder for the night, and she read, "I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick." The light fell upon the picture, and it seemed instinct with life and hope, as she whispered, "I think He has found *me* again to-night, what can *you* say? "O my Lord! *are you looking for me?* What looking for me? and I am so far from home, he whispered."

The next day the white ribbon visitor returned, for the Master was using her to find His sheep. That blessed 15th chapter of Luke was read and made real for the man and "come to himself." This worker was in the habit of distributing with her flowers, little text cards, and she smiled as she left in his weak hands, a verse wonderfully suitable, saying, "this is for you or your nurse." They read it together later, "ye were as sheep going astray, but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls." (1 Pet. 2-25.) "Strange how things fit in on us," he said. Then as the days stretched on and on and he began to realize that he would never be well again, he grew to love The Shepherd Psalm, as he appropriated the blessed words, "The Lord is *My* Shepherd." (Ps. 23)

It was found the mother had gone home before him and in those days she seemed very near to him in sacred ministry.

Smiling into the face of his visitor, he said one day, "I just fancy I can see Mother in the picture."

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." (Is. 66-13) was her reply,



“that is the word of our Good Shepherd you know.” “How could I so grieve them both, what made me do as I have done?” and the tears which came so easily in his weakness rained over his face. They repeated the 23rd Psalm together and it was their last little service, for ere another day dawned, even “the shadow of death” was lifted, and the Shepherd brought home His own. The story seemed to put a seal upon the use of the picture, and comforted me while I waited for the answer to my letter, which came at last, headed, “*Lost but Found.*”

In these days the Master seems speaking loudly to those who “know His voice,” Follow Thou Me.”

“Have ye looked for sheep in the desert,  
For those who have missed their way?  
Have ye been in the wild waste places,  
Where the lost and wandering stray?  
Have ye trodden the lonely highway,  
The foul and darksome street?  
It may be ye’d see in the gloaming  
The print of Christ’s wounded feet.”

“Have ye wept with the broken-hearted  
In their agony of woe?  
Ye might hear one whispering beside you,  
’tis a pathway I often go!  
My disciples, my brethren, my friends,  
Can ye dare to follow me?  
Then, wherever the Master dwelleth,  
There shall the servant be!”

“Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the Everlasting Covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever, Amen.” (Heb. 13-20-21.)

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